FADE IN

BLACK -

SILENCE.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

The first frames we see are shot from a helicopter, showing the SUV, with the sailboat in tow, driving off the highway into more and more narrow streets. We hear an Italian opera, a duet.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Björling. Suliotis?

MAN (O.S.)
Close. Björling is easy.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Tebaldi?

MAN (O.S.)
You win!

WOMAN (O.S.)
(upbeat)
My turn.

The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. Beyond the SOUND OF THE CAR we hear THE NOISE OF SORTING THROUGH CD COVERS.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The hand of a WOMAN files through a pile of CD’s, picks one.

WOMAN (O.S.)
No looking!

MAN (O.S.)
I’m not!

While her hand puts the CD into the player and she selects a track we see his cell phone sitting in car mount.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Did daddy look?

BOY (O.S.)
No.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Sure?

BOY (O.S.)
Yes.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Okay.

New MUSIC. An aria by Handel from a historic recording.

MAN (O.S.)
Oh God!

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The MUSIC continues.

More aerial shots of the SUV with the boat in tow.

MAN (O.S.)
Gigli?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Of course, but what?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Well, darling?

MAN (O.S.)
I'd say Handel.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Right, but what is it?

MAN (O.S.)
Not a clue!

Seconds pass. We parallel track from the water with the SUV

WOMAN (O.S.)
Well?

MAN (O.S.)
I give up. What is it?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Three two to me!

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The moving SUV seen from the front. For the first time we see who's inside: the Farber family. ANN (35), GEORGE (40) and GEORGIE (10).

George tries to eject the CD.

MAN
So what is it?

Ann pushes his hand away.

WOMAN
Uh-Uh. Get your hands off! Just listen...

They smile.

MUSIC continues.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A sudden loud and overbearing FILM SCORE: an aggressive collage of breathing and electronic sounds, techno (John Zorn). The music is antonymous to the upbeat atmosphere inside the car with people talking and listening to music by Handel.

TITLE CREDITS

The main title "Funny Games", superimposed over the window shield of the car and it's passengers, is yanked up out of the frame. Other titles are flashing in and out, according to the rhythm of the music.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: Ann's hands put another CD into the player.

CLOSE UP: the faces of the three family members listening to the music, talking. (With the aggressive music so loud we can neither hear Handel nor their conversation.)

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD VILLA - CONTINUOUS

We track the SUV from behind a fence.

END OF TITLES

The fence is now broken up by a gate. Behind its bars we can see the car coming to a halt, HONKS. The aggressive MUSIC SCORE abruptly stops. The window on the passenger side opens, Ann sticks her head out, waves.

Through the bars of the gate we see the lake in the background, and a mansion, surrounded by park-like grounds. A group of people practice their golf swings on a little driving range with a net. Each one of them has a golf club: TWO YOUNG GUYS and a middle-aged couple - let's call them FRED and EVE. They turn towards the car.

ANN
(shouting)
That's not fair!

FRED
(shouting back)
What?

ANN
(shouting)
Practicing isn't fair! We're still on for ten tomorrow. You're still coming?

FRED
(shouting back)
Yeah, sure.

ANN
Okay, great.

SILENCE. The four people in the garden stay still. Ann turns to George, gazes at him, somewhat perplexed. He shrugs indifferently. Ann turns back, addressing the four.

ANN
(calling out)
We have to launch the boat. Can you give us a hand? In about 20 minutes?

Again, SILENCE. Meanwhile, Fred turns to his wife and the two young guys. They exchange a couple of words, which we cannot hear, then Fred turns again towards the car.

FRED
(shouting)
Yeah, sure! Yeah, I'll be there. I'll come over in 20 minutes!

ANN
(shouting back)
Ok, thanks! See you then!

George, behind her, waves cautiously.

GEORGE
Bye!

He drives off. Turns up the MUSIC (a new piece). Ann turns around.

ANN
What's up with him?

GEORGE
Don't know.

ANN
Seems upset. She didn't say a word. Who did you talk to about the game tomorrow?

GEORGE
With her.

ANN
Yesterday?

GEORGE
Day before yesterday.

ANN
And?

George doesn't share Ann's concern.

GEORGE
Nothing. She was fine.

GEORGIE
Where is Jenny.

ANN
Maybe she's inside. Or at the beach.
(to George)
Who were those guys?

GEORGE
Don’t know. They’re probably relatives. Doesn’t his brother have a son that age?

George grabs a remote control from the console and holds it up.

EXT. GATE OF THE SCHOBER LAKESIDE PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

We are looking towards the lakeside road: the gate opens. The SUV with the boat on the trailer moves towards us and out of frame. The gate closes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We can hear the windows being opened. With more and more light flooding in, we distinguish details in the room: predominantly light colors, everything is tasteful and cozy.

Suddenly, a big DOG comes running in, sniffing the furniture, excited by his own memories, obviously, this is his home. In the background WALKING, DOORS POUNDING, NOISES of THINGS BEING MOVED.

ANN (O.S.)
(yelling)
Don’t put that there! Take your stuff upstairs, please.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
(complaining)
Yeah, yeah.

ANN (O.S.)
Keep the doorway clear or someone’s gonna trip. We have a lot more in the car.
(Pause)
Are you listening to me?

GEORGIE (O.S.)
I’m going already!

The dog leaves the light filled, friendly room...

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

... and continues running up the stairs following Georgie. At the top we lose Georgie with his bag as he walks down the hallway.

Also, up here, everything is bright and friendly.

ANN (O.S.)
(calling out)
Open the windows, please. We need to let some air in.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
Yeah, mom.

Then, after a short PAUSE and a DOOR BEING OPENED:

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Get out, Lucky! Out! Come on, get down! Let me unpack! Come on!

The dog reappears and comes running down the stairs. We can hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN.

ANN (O.S.)
(calling)
George!

ANN (O.S.)

Where's the other box of groceries?

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: Next to the cellar door, two golf sets are set down.

GEORGE (O.S.)
I'll get it.

CLOSE UP: the family's leisure shoes lined up. George's legs enter the frame, he takes off his loafers, puts on a pair of rubber boots.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The golf clubs were in the way.

The dog arrives at George's legs, jumps up. George pushes him down, laughing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy, you'll knock me over.

The dog continues to play. At the same time Ann calls out from the kitchen.

GEORGE
Go to mommy, ok! She'll give you a treat.

ANN (O.S.)
Hurry up! Everything's getting warm...the cooler's shit.

The dog obeys George and leaves the frame towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: Ann's hands in the fridge, filling it with the groceries.

ANN (O.S.)
The meat is in the other box.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(from the entrance hall)
Okay, I'll get it. I'm just opening the windows.

The dog arrives, sticks his snout into the fridge, sniffs the groceries. Ann tries to move him away, she's laughing at the chaos.

ANN (O.S.)
Leave the shutters in the front, or it'll get too hot. Come on, stop it, I'll get you something in a minute, just let me finish here.
(to George in the entrance hall)
Can you get the dog, please? He's in the way.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(from the entrance hall)
Lucky!! Come here! Come to Daddy.

The dog follows George's command. The camera pans with the dog so we can see through the kitchen door as George passes by in the entrance hall. The dog follows him off screen.

ANN (O.S.)
(calling after him)
And the bottles please, or **nothing** will be ready for dinner.

George and the dog leave, we hear the OPENING and CLOSING OF THE FRONT DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATE OF THE SCHOBER LAKESIDE PROPERTY - DAY

Through the bars of the gate we can see the neighbor, Fred, and one of the two guys we saw earlier. He looks about 18 years old; like your typical harmless young man from a good family. The only strange detail with his 'neat look' are his white cotton gloves. LOUD BARKING.

GEORGE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Stop it, Lucky! Be quiet. Come in.

The gate opens. Fred and his escort enter.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Sorry. He's nuts. Come in.

The CAMERA follows and PANS with them so that we can see George holding the dog with one hand, while offering the other to Fred.

GEORGE
Hey Fred. Good to see you. Thanks for helping. It would be pretty hard on my own.

FRED
(a bit tense)
No problem. This is...

He makes a gesture towards his companion, who immediately shakes George's hand, bowing with a friendly smile.

YOUNG MAN
Paul. It's a pleasure to meet you.

FRED
Paul's father is a business associate of mine.

GEORGE
(to Paul)
Pleasure. Thanks for the help...

PAUL
Thank you. The pleasure's mine.

With a glance to the barking dog he tries a joke.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Not so much his.

GEORGE
(to Lucky)
Will you shut up?! Stop it!!

The dog stops barking, but continues growling.

GEORGE
He's crazy! Go on! Inside! Now!

ANN
Lucky! Come here!

Slowly, the dog walks towards the house. George turns to address his guests.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
When did you get here?

FRED
(tense, almost hostile)
Last week.

George turns to Paul, tries to hide his surprise.

GEORGE
You too?

FRED
(quickly)
Yes.

PAUL
(almost simultaneously)
No.

Somewhat nervously, Fred tries to explain.

FRED
Well, they didn't get here until the weekend, we got here Friday.

George doesn't know what to make of Fred's behavior, but the moment of embarrassment is interrupted by...

ANN (O.S.)
Hi, Fred! Thanks for coming right over.

She walks into frame, hugs Fred, kissing him on the cheek.

ANN
How's Eve?

FRED
Fine.

Ann offers her hand to Paul, smiling, friendly.

ANN
Hello.

When shaking Ann's hand, Paul again bows almost too politely.

PAUL
It's a pleasure to meet you, ma'am.

EXT. LAKESIDE PART OF THE SCHOBER PROPERTY - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT from the water: the sailboat is being pushed into the water by George, Ann, Georgie, Fred and Paul. The dog is there too. George shouts DIRECTIONS to coordinate the ordeal.

The SOUND of water overlaps with the following dialogue in the background:

GEORGIE (O.S.)
... and where are the keys?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Off the southern coast of Florida. At the bottom of the panhandle.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
Isn't it hotter down there?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Not always. Last year when I was in Miami, it rained cats and dogs the whole time, and you were here swimming every day. Remember?

The boat is afloat now. Their visible excitement about this success is barely noticeable in the dialogue.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
Still, it sucks that Jenny isn't here. It's boring without her.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Be careful, please.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
I am being careful.

GEORGE (O.S.)
It was an expensive overhaul.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDING PIER - DAY

George and Georgie, now by themselves, are preparing the boat.

GEORGIE
... see: not a single scratch!

GEORGE
(smiling)
Okay, now help me put up the boom? Watch out for the backstay.

Georgie nods. They pick up the boom and fix it into place. George starts to tie the ropes onto it.

GEORGIE
(complaining)
But she told me she would be here the whole time.

George stops what he's doing, turns to Georgie.

GEORGE
Listen. I don't know either. I don't know why she told you that. Maybe she went with a friend. We'll ask her mother tomorrow when we see her. And anyway, tomorrow the forecast is for wind and...

GEORGIE
(interrupting)
Why was uncle Fred behaving so strangely?

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

CLOSE UP: the dog's bowl. Ann's feet enter the frame, her hand puts food into the bowl. The dog devours it vigorously. Ann's feet leave the frame. Meanwhile, we can hear...

ANN (O.S.)
(laughing)
... I am not surprised! She got pretty worked up about it last time. Come on, just forget about it...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann enters. She's talking animatedly on the cell phone while preparing dinner.

ANN
(into the phone)
... she won't change, and you're only upsetting yourself... exactly!... That's what I'm saying... Great: they're outside playing with the boat... What?... Five or five thirty, not sure what time it is, the clock here in the kitchen is stopped. I have to get a new battery on Monday... What?... Yes, that's what I'm doing right now... We're having steak...yeah, it all defrosted, now I have to get rid of it...come on down! No, really, stupid me, I froze 4 pounds of steak and now I'm standing here...no, I'm not joking, come out and stay for the weekend...what?! Tell him, not to be difficult...

Georgie appears in the door.

ANN (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

She glances at Georgie who clearly wants something.

GEORGIE
We need a sharp knife.

Ann opens a drawer and hands Georgie a knife.

ANN
It would be nice to see it again.
Tell your dad.

Georgie nods, leaves. Ann turns again to the phone.

ANN
(into the phone)
Sorry, so what do you think?...
Well, tell your sweetheart to bring
his laptop with him, jump in the
car and you'll be here in an
hour!...He shouldn't be so
antisocial...

Georgie shows up again at the door. Ann looks up, first finishing her call.

ANN (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
We have enough steak for the whole
week , anyway. Ciao, Nancy. Okay,
think about it... But call me and
let me know... No problem, bye.

Ann switches the phone off.

ANN
(to Georgie)
What now?

GEORGIE
There's somebody here.

ANN
Where?

GEORGIE
At the door.

INT./EXT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

A young man stands outside, behind the screen-door. Although chubby, behind the backlit screen-door we can only guess his appearance. He waits.

We can hear Ann and Georgie COMING CLOSE. Finally, we see Ann partially steps into frame.

ANN
(curious)
Hello?

THE YOUNG MAN
(very polite)
Hello, sorry to disturb you, I'm staying next door. I saw you earlier at the gate.

ANN
Ah, yes, of course.

She opens the screen door.

ANN (CONT'D)
Please, come in.

She calls after Georgie, who disappears through the door outside.

ANN (CONT'D)
Tell your dad, we're eating in ten minutes.

She closes the door.

ANN (CONT'D)
So, how can I help you?

YOUNG MAN
(abashed)
Well...

Making a gesture towards the neighbor's house.

YOUNG MAN
Eve, ...I mean, Mrs. Thompson,... sent me... she's cooking... and she ran out of eggs and asked if you could help her out.

ANN
(laughing)
Of course.

She turns, steps into the kitchen.

ANN (CONT'D)
How many does she need?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann is on her way to the fridge. The young man appears at the door. He's dressed in a similar way to Paul, the other guy. He also wears white cotton gloves. He seems nice and shy.

YOUNG MAN
Four.

ANN
Four?

The young man nods. Ann opens the fridge.

ANN
What for?

YOUNG MAN
Excuse me?

Ann takes out the carton of eggs, turns towards him, puzzled by his answer.

ANN
What for? What does she need the eggs for? I mean, what is she cooking?

The young man shakes his head, perplexed and apologetic.

YOUNG MAN
I have no idea.

She puts the carton on the counter top, opens it.

ANN (CONT'D)
Can you take them like this, or do you want the carton?

YOUNG MAN
Whatever you want.

Suddenly, she turns towards him.

ANN
How did you get in here?

Again, the young man gestures with his head, this time towards the water front.

YOUNG MAN
Down there... I mean, down by the water.

ANN
But you're not wet!

YOUNG MAN
There's a hole... in the fence...at the water...I mean, not in the water...

He smiles apologetically, almost like he is sorry that she doesn't know about it.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Fred... I mean, Mr. Thompson, knows about it... I mean, he showed it to me...

ANN
(slightly puzzled)
OK, I see... So, are they okay like this?

The young man walks towards her, opens his hands.

YOUNG MAN
No, no, it's ok. No problem.

Cautious hand-over of the eggs.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Thank you very much. Thank you.

ANN
And please say hello to Eve, we're looking forward to the game tomorrow.

YOUNG MAN
(while leaving)
I'll tell her. Thanks again.

Ann puts the egg carton back in the fridge, calls after him.

ANN
And please thank Fred and your friend. For helping with the...

She's interrupted by a NOISE. At the same time we can hear

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Damn it!

ANN
What happened?

After she doesn't get an answer, she walks into the entrance hall. She stops at the door, laughs out loud when she sees the casualty on the floor by the front door.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

The four eggs, broken. The young man next to them, he has a desperate look on his face. Makes a gesture full of regret.

Ann can't help but grin at this expression of despair. She's almost sorry for the guy.

ANN
It's not a disaster. Wait.

She leaves the frame, walks back to the kitchen to get something to wipe up the mess. As soon as she's gone, the young man loses his expression of regret, turns towards the screen-door, looks outside.

Ann comes back with a rag. For a moment, she's thrown off when she sees the guy standing at the door looking out. He immediately turns away from the screen-door when she appears. She turns to clean up the mess.

ANN
I have to go grocery shopping on Monday anyway.

YOUNG MAN
I'm really sorry.

CLOSE: She wipes up the eggs.

ANN (CONT'D)
It's not so bad, none of us eat eggs for breakfast anyway. So, the disaster is under control.

She finishes, gets up, leaves towards the kitchen.

YOUNG MAN
Thank you. I am so sorry. I should have paid more attention. I tried to open...

ANN
Well, you shouldn't cry over spilled milk, right?

YOUNG MAN
You're really nice.

ANN
You do what you can.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She steps up to the sink, cleans the rag. The young man follows her, standing in the kitchen door, wiping his sweaty forehead with a hankie.

YOUNG MAN
I really am sorry. I'm very clumsy, you know.

Ann suppresses a smile at the sight of the distressed young man. He notices, gives her a shy smile.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
I think I have two left hands.

ANN
(smiling)
Then you're the man for carrying eggs.

YOUNG MAN
Yes. You could say that.

He laughs a bit helplessly. PAUSE.

ANN
Well! What are we going to do now?

The young man shrugs, an awkward smile. Then he turns his head towards the fridge and glances back at Ann with a curious look.

She looks from him to the fridge, back to him. Smiles.

ANN (CONT'D)
Well, we have a lot of steak, but we might be expecting guests and they definitely eat eggs for breakfast.

YOUNG MAN
(with a shy smile)
You'll still have four left.

PAUSE. Ann doesn't know what to make of his response.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
You have a dozen, don't you.... or am I mistaken?

Ann looks at him.

ANN
No. You're not mistaken.

PAUSE. The young man gives her a shy smile, turns to the fridge ("Come on, just get them out"). Wipes his sweaty forehead, almost as if he's overwhelmed by his own boldness.

Ann is amused by this strange mixture of shy charm, impertinence and despair. She takes the carton of eggs out of the fridge and turns towards the young man.

ANN (CONT'D)
You want the carton this time?

He shakes his head.

YOUNG MAN
Not necessary.

ANN
Are you sure?

The young man shrugs.

YOUNG MAN
If you insist.

ANN
(perplexed)
If I insist?

Again, the young man shrugs, smiling.

YOUNG MAN
Maybe it would be better.

She watches him for a moment, then turns towards one of the cabinets, takes out a container for the remaining eggs. The young man steps aside to move out of her way, when he does he pushes her cell phone into the sink filled with water.

YOUNG MAN
Oh god!

Ann hasn't noticed, looks dumbfounded.

ANN
What happened?

The young man doesn't move, just turns his head towards the sink. Ann follows his gaze.

ANN (CONT'D)
Oh no!!!

She pulls the soaking cell phone out of the water. She urgently looks for something to dry it, doesn't find anything. Dries it on her skirt while still searching for a dish towel. When she finally finds one, the phone seems dry enough. She tries to turn on the power, listens, but of course it doesn't work. The young man has been watching her the whole time, looking concerned, mouth open.

YOUNG MAN
I'm sorry.

She looks at him, furious, turns away and takes a couple of breaths, before she talks again, "self composed", trying to be good-humored.

ANN
Before you destroy the rest of the kitchen, maybe you should take the eggs and leave.

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

He looks at her, waiting for her to hand him the eggs.

ANN
Well, of course. Here. Please.

She takes the four eggs out of the carton and holds them out. He look at the eggs.

YOUNG MAN
No carton?

She looks at him, confused, then remembers. She quickly turns away and puts the eggs into the carton The young man watches her.

YOUNG MAN
I'm really sorry. Honestly.

ANN
(half mumbled)
Me too.

Meanwhile, outside, the dog starts to BARK. The young man looks out of the window, then back to Ann organizing the eggs. Finally, she's finished and hands him the carton

ANN
Here you go.

YOUNG MAN
Thank you very much. Thank you.

The young man is about to leave. Before he does:

YOUNG MAN
I will tell Mrs. Thompson how nice you were.

Ann turns towards her work.

ANN
Fine. Do what you have to do.

YOUNG MAN
(leaving)
Have a nice day.

ANN
Good-bye.

We can hear the screen-door SHUT CLOSE. Outside, the dog continues to BARK.

Ann leans on the kitchen counter, exhausted. Shakes her head with a half angry laugh. Grabs the cell phone, tries it: nothing. She looks out of the window, nobody there. She walks over to her handbag, throws the cell inside, takes a cigarette, lights it. Turns on the RADIO (easy summer listening), then turns back to her cooking, cigarette hanging from her mouth. The BARKING appears to be getting closer. Suddenly, we hear the screen-door OPEN and SHUT!

PAUL (O.S.)
Excuse me???

Ann looks up. Walks over to the...

INT./EXT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Paul and the young man stand inside the screen door, outside the dog barks wildly.

ANN
Stop it!!! Lucky! Stop it!!

The dog growls, then stops. Ann passes by the two young men opens the door, reprimands the dog:

ANN
Excuse me.
Go on, get out of here. Come on!
Get lost! Now!

The dog leaves. Ann re-enters.

ANN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. He's completely harmless. He just wants to play.

The young man, whose name we don't know yet, smiles mischievously. Talks in his hesitant, shy way:

YOUNG MAN
Strange way to play.

ANN
Did he hurt you?

PAUL
(re: the young man)
Peter is afraid of dogs.

ANN
(to the young man)
I'm sorry.

PETER
(sly smile)
Me too... he jumped on me.

ANN
I'm sorry.

PETER
Yeah.

PAUSE.

ANN
Should I lock him up so you can leave?

PAUL
That won't be necessary.

ANN
I can tell my hus...

PAUL
(interrupting her)
It won't be necessary, really. It's my fault. I completely forgot about the dog. I should have come myself and... Wow! What a great set of clubs!

Ann follows his gaze, startled at the sudden interruption: In the corner we see the two sets of golf clubs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Callaway, right!? Awesome!

He walks over, kneeling down to inspect them further...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Wonderful.

Stands up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
May I?

Takes a driver out of the bag. Ann doesn't quite know what to make of it. Paul admires the club. Gives Ann a quick smile.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I guess we don't stand a chance tomorrow, do we?

Ann is embarrassed by his tone. She's not sure if the young guy is poking fun at her or if he is being serious. She tries to play it down with a shy grin.

ANN
The club doesn't make the player.

PAUL
(re: the club, serious)
That's true.

A PAUSE. Ann looks at Peter who stands next to her, nodding emphatically, like he is as impressed as Paul by the golf club. Paul turns to Ann and, in his well-mannered tone:

PAUL
Would you mind if I try it, just once?

Ann looks at him, surprised. He smiles, please.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Right now? Outside?

Ann can't work out whether the young guy is just crazy or trying to provoke her. He insists childishly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Please! Yes?!

She hesitates.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Towards the bay - yes??! Please.

Ann laughs briefly, half amused, half insecure and upset.

ANN
If it makes you happy. I...

Before she finishes her sentence, he turns around, takes a ball from the bag. Ann, surprised, looks up from him to Peter, who is beaming at her.

PAUL
Thank you!

Paul is already next to her, moving her away from the door with a friendly smile.

PAUL
Excuse me.

The screen door closes behind him - he leaves. Ann is speechless.

PETER
(explaining)
He loves golf.

She looks up, surprised and confused. He adds, with his shy smile:

PETER
We both do.

ANN
Excuse me?

PETER
(smiling)
We both do. We both love golf.

Outside, the dog has started to BARK again. Ann looks outside. She's becoming angry, tired and frustrated.

The BARKING becomes more and more aggressive, Ann opens the screen door and steps outside, listens.

EXT. LANDING PIER - DAY

George and Georgie are still putting up the sails of the boat. The AGGRESSIVE BARKING has them concerned:

GEORGE
(shouts)
Lucky!!! Stop it!!!

The barking doesn't stop. Georgie looks at his father, questioningly. He turns towards the direction of the barking, shouts:

GEORGIE
Lucky!! Be quiet, now!!!

The barking continues, he turns to his father.

GEORGIE
What's the matter with him?

George shakes his head, turns back to his work.

GEORGE
No clue. Probably too hot for him, too.

Suddenly, the barking turns into a pitiful SCREECH! Then SILENCE. We can only hear the WATER breaking against the hull of the boat.

GEORGE
I'll take a look.

When he stands up, the knife that Georgie borrowed from Ann falls between the floor planks of the boat and the frame, it’s barely visible.

EXT. THE HOUSE FROM THE SIDE WITH THE ENTRANCE - DAY

Paul walks around the corner. He sees Ann who is walking towards him...

PAUL
(beaming)
Wonderful. It really makes a difference, like night and day. Thanks a lot.

He hands her the driver. Ann is clearly overwhelmed by his strange charm and childish euphoria. She takes the driver.

ANN
(frustrated)
Sure.

She turns and walks back towards the screen door. Paul follows her. From a distance we can hear...

GEORGE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Lucky!!! Lucky!!!

PAUL
Where’s Tom?

ANN
(stops, bewildered)
Who?

Paul continues walking towards the screen door, passing her by.

PAUL
Did you give him the eggs?

ANN
Excuse me?!

INT./EXT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Paul appears outside the screen door, opens it and steps in. Peter walks towards him.

PAUL
(to Peter)
The driver is really first class. You have to try it...

Ann steps inside behind Paul.

ANN
Listen young man, I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but I don't want to be a part of it.

PAUL
What game?

The two guys look at each other. She walks to the golf set, puts back the driver. Turns towards the two.

ANN (CONT'D)
Would you please leave, now.

The two look at each other, surprised, then to Ann.

[Comment: you might think they pretend to be surprised in order to make Ann even more insecure. That's not meant here. Should this be the case, I would write "surprised" - using quotation marks. The same applies for the way they talk, for example serious, desperate, etc. It's always meant exactly like noted and shouldn't be played by the actors as pretended - even if it is in opposition to the described situation, except when I put the word in quotation marks. I feel this comment is important, because a big part of this project and the intention to perplex the audience, is based on these two different levels of acting]

PAUL
Sorry ma'am, but I don't quite understand why you're suddenly being so unfriendly. Did Tom or I do anything to upset you?

Ann tries to get a grip of herself.

ANN
Please leave.

PAUL
(to Peter)
Did you misbehave while I was outside? Was he rude? Did he say something that you...

Ann is about to snap.

ANN
(interrupting)
Stop it.

PAUSE. The two look at her, unsettled. Ann opens the door.

ANN (CONT'D)
I have asked you to leave, so please, leave.

PAUL
Well, I don't understand what's upset you, but if you insist.

He walks a couple of steps towards the entrance...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Just give Tom the eggs, please, and we won't bother you anymore.

Ann doesn't believe her ears.

ANN
Excuse me?!

PAUL
We'll have to tell Eve and Fred, of course. Quite honestly, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. What about you, Tom?

Peter shakes his head. He looks shaken and humiliated by Ann's behavior, but doesn't want to show it. Paul turns from Peter to Ann, with an accusing look. PAUSE.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Can we have the eggs now, please?

Ann has to hold back in order not to start shouting. She's looking down, speaks with a calm voice, succeeding only half way:

ANN
I told you to leave!

PAUSE. Then...

PETER
(shy)
Did I do something wrong,...

Suddenly Ann takes a couple of steps from the door towards Peter.

Grabs at the arm of his shirt, tries to force him out of the house. She mumbles in a low voice, boiling over with rage.

ANN
Now just get out of here, you...

At this moment we hear...

GEORGE (O.S.)
Ann? Did you see the dog, is he with...

George appears at the door, startled.

GEORGE
What's going on here?!

Ann lets Peter go, he straightens his shirt. She's upset now, can hardly talk.

ANN
(to George, soundless)
Throw them out. Please!

PAUL
(same time)
Good that you are here, Mr. Farber. That's your name, Farber, isn't it? Fred, I mean, Mr. Thompson, told us.

GEORGE
(perplexed)
What's that? What's going on?

ANN
(louder)
Get him out of here!

PAUL
Your wife is under the wrong impression. I am very happy that you are here. I am certain that you can help us clear up this misunderstanding.

Meanwhile, Georgie has arrived at the door.

GEORGIE
Dad, I can't...

ANN
(at the same time, loud and angry)
Please! George!

Everything happens so fast that George has no chance to react adequately. As soon as Ann realizes that he is not helping her, she steps up to Paul and starts to push him out. He just steps back into the room.

Ann laughs out hysterically, looking angrily from Paul to George, back to Paul, to George again.

ANN (CONT'D)
(with angry sarcasm)
I can't believe this!

PETER
(to George, shy)
May I explain what happened? Mrs. Thompson sent me over to ask for some eggs...

GEORGE
(angry because he doesn't get it)
What? Yes, and?

George starts to talk to the guys, Ann turns away angrily, causing Paul to react.

PAUL
Your wife gave Peter the eggs, but unfortunately, they broke.

PETER
(apologetic laugh)
Then she gave me another four eggs, but the dog jumped on me and...

He gestures remorsefully, searching for words:

PETER (CONT'D)
... and now...

He turns to Ann.

PETER (CONT'D)
... you have a dozen, and you're going shopping on Monday anyway...

George looks from Peter to Ann, not understanding what's going on.

PETER
(explaining)
We just want the eggs...
(apologetic laugh)
... that's all...

GEORGE
(to Ann)
Can you tell me what's going on?

Ann looks at him for a moment, then storms into the kitchen, we can hear the OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE FRIDGE. George follows Ann, stops at the kitchen door. Finally, she comes back, carrying the carton with the rest of the eggs, offers it to George, furious.

ANN
Give them to em.

George takes the carton. She turns away, walks to the living room, passes George and Paul. George realizes that more has happened.

GEORGE
(to Ann)
Hold on! Can you wait a moment?

Paul holds out his hand.

PAUL
(friendly)
Can I have them now?

GEORGE
Just a moment.
(to Ann)
What's going on? If it's only about some stupid eggs, why are you so angry?

Ann stops half way to the living room, ponders whether to say anything, finally does, in a very "composed" manner.

ANN
I am not justifying myself to these... I asked you to throw them out, maybe I have my reasons?

For a moment she waits for his reaction, then turns away...

ANN (CONT'D)
Do what you want, I've had enough.

... and disappears into the living room. George tries to hold her back.

GEORGE
Ann!

But she has already slammed the door behind her. George follows her for a couple of steps, aware of the egg carton in his hand. He stops, looks at it, turns to the two guys, embarrassed. Looks again to the living room door, then to the guys:

GEORGE
Would you please leave?

The two exchange a surprised look, then back to George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
My wife doesn't feel well.

Since the two don't leave -

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I can hardly play the mediator if I don't know the facts... Now, please, leave.

Again, the two exchange a look. Then, Peter moves towards George extending his hand for the egg carton. George doesn't seem to understand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What?

PETER
(insistent smile)
Please!

Paul moves closer too.

PAUL
Just give them to him.

George is full of anger and bewilderment.

GEORGE
What the hell is going on here?

PAUL
Nothing is going on. She gave him the eggs, the dog attacked him, they broke. Now he wants some more. Is that so difficult to understand?

GEORGE
You better watch your tone, young man.

PAUL
(smiling and calm)
You better be careful, old man, or I'll break **your** eggs.

Peter laughs, amused, but shocked. Suddenly George slaps Paul in the face. Then he passes them, walks towards the entrance door.

GEORGE
And now (you can) leave...

As quick as lightening, Peter pulls out the driver from the golf bag.

PAUL
Mr. Farber?

We hear a MUFFLED STRIKE but see only George's face, he falls out of frame with a LOUD MOAN. Georgie who was standing at the screen door, drops down next to this father:

GEORGIE
Dad!

George is on the floor, moaning. Tries to have a look at his leg, but Georgie is in the way, desperately hanging on to him. Peter steps forward, lowers himself over George, looks at the wound.

PETER
(concerned)
Is it broken?

Georgie jumps up, attacks him, tries to punch him. Peter fends him off with a chuckle. Paul steps up from behind, pulling him off Peter.

PAUL
(to Georgie, calming)
Hey, come on, be good, behave yourself!

Georgie, tries to turn around, kicks him. Paul slaps him hard, Georgie freezes. Paul kneels down before him, turns him around.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(insistent)
Okay, be nice now, please! I don't want to hurt you, but you have to behave yourself!

GEORGIE
Mom!

Ann, puzzled by the noise, comes out of the living room. For a moment, she looks at the scene in utter distress, then quickly tries to help George stand up, he's in deep pain. Paul turns to her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Please stay where you are.

With that shy smile, Peter shakes the golf club.

GEORGE
(moaning)
Stay, please!

Georgie runs to his mother. She steps up, lowers herself down to him, they hold each other. Ann keeps looking at George and the two guys.

PAUL
(explaining)
He slapped me in the face.

PETER
Yeah. He started it.

PAUL
You can help him, but don't do anything stupid.

Ann doesn't trust him, hesitates for a moment, then goes over to George.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Ann)
Bring him a chair.

GEORGE
My knee! I think it's...

PAUL
He should take off his pants and sit down.

ANN
(to Georgie)
Get him a chair from in there.

Georgie runs to the living room.

PAUL
Peter is a medical student, he'll take care of it.

PETER
(to George)
Please, take off your pants.

George tries to walk, doesn't succeed.

PETER
(to George)
If you don't let me see your wound, I can't help you. I'm sorry I hurt you, but you forced me to, you must admit.

Georgie comes back with a chair, puts it down right next to George. George cautiously tries to sit down. Finally, he sits, breathing heavily.

PAUL
Come on, be reasonable Mr. Farber, let him look at your leg. I'm sure he can help you.

GEORGE
(totally exhausted, hushed)
Please, leave! Please!!

Ann gets up, her look is one of repulsion and desperation. She just wants them to let go.

PETER
We won't get anywhere like this.

PAUSE.

PAUL
(explaining, friendly)
You have to let him help you. You really don't have a choice.

Ann looks back and forth from Georgie to the guys.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You are the ship's captain, sir. You are aware that on board, the captain's word is law, aren't you? What do you want to do, sir? Do you want to call someone? An ambulance, or the police? Please, I won't stop you. Neither will Tom. Promise. Right, Tom?!

Peter shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?

George looks up at Ann, hesitantly. Ann senses it. PAUSE. Then...

ANN
He dropped the cell phone in the (water) sink.

Long PAUSE. Then...

GEORGE
Why are you doing this?

PETER
Why not?!

PAUL
Ok, then let's play another game. It's a guessing game. What is this?

Paul holds the ball up, in his gloved hand.

Nobody answers. He tosses the ball on the floor, so that it rolls towards George.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Sir?

GEORGE
(hesitating, then giving up resistance)
A golf ball.

PAUL
Correct, sir. A golf ball. And why do I have it in my pocket?

Pause.

PAUL (CONT'D)
The lady knows why... Because...?
Well?!

Ann turns away, disgusted. Paul turns to Peter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well?!

PETER
Because you didn't hit it.

PAUL
Correct! And why didn't I hit it?

PETER
Because something stopped you.

PAUL
Correct, because I had to test the club another way.

They both smile at Ann. She looks back, aghast, then to George who is totally confused - then she looks back at the two guys.

ANN
Where is he?

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

WIDE SHOT. We don't see anybody.

PAUL (O.S.)
... cold... cold...colder... very cold... cold... warmer... warmer...

At some point, Ann shows up. Paul's voice directs her past possible hiding places. She searches behind a bush, steps out, looks for a moment like she might resist going on, but Paul - who we cannot see, although his voice seems to be close to the camera - continues to direct her in a friendly manner. The CAMERA is TRACKING her on her search. Finally, the SUV comes into frame. The CAMERA STOPS with Ann. In the foreground, Paul comes into frame. He stops, turns to Ann, continues to direct her. She opens the passenger door of the car, looks inside: nothing. She continues to walk away, but Paul leads her back to the car with his "temperature" directions. Before she has arrived, Paul turns around **looking complicitly into the camera,** then turning back to Ann. She opens the front door, jumps back suddenly when the dog's body falls out towards her.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

George is still sitting on the chair. Georgie is with him. Peter, in silhouette, is standing in the door frame, the golf club in his hand. He wipes his sweat with his hankie. Behind him, through the screen, we can see the garden. Long SILENCE. Then...

PETER
(to Georgie)
Would you please go to the kitchen and get me something to eat?

There's no reaction. Peter looks up from his dangling club to the boy, repeating friendly:

PETER (CONT'D)
Would that be possible?

Georgie, inquiringly, looks at his dad who's reluctantly gesturing towards the kitchen. Georgie looks back from him to Peter who nods reassuringly. Georgie turns, walks into the kitchen. Peter calls after him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Maybe there are some bananas or something like that.

From the kitchen we can hear the OPENING OF A CABINET DOOR. Peter smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)
And please, don't think about bringing back a knife or anything like that.

SILENCE from the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)
Or I'd be sorry. For you. The sun's coming back out.

After a couple of moments, while Peter is wiping his face again, Georgie comes back with an apple, offers it to Peter. He looks at him, then...

PETER (CONT'D)
Very nice of you. Thank you.

EXT. THE HOUSE - LAKESIDE - DAY

DISTANT FEMALE VOICES (O.S.)
Hello!!!.... Ann!!!!! Hello, Hello!
Geeooorge!!!

Ann and Paul turn around the corner, look towards the water. Ann glances at Paul before she answers.

ANN
Yeaaah! Helloooo!!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hi Sweetie!! Where are you?!! Come on down!

PAUL
(with a comforting smile)
We're both thinking the same thing aren't we?

Again, Ann looks at him. She understands the warning. She starts to walk towards the dock. Paul stays put for a moment, then follows.

A sailboat is approaching - two women and a man are on board. They are all a few years older than Ann and George.

FIRST WOMAN
(calling out)
We saw your boat!

ANN (O.S.)
Hi Betsy! Hi Robert!

BETSY
When did you get here?

Ann steps on the dock and into frame.

ANN
Today. We're still unpacking.

BETSY
How long are you staying?

Ann arrives at the boat.

ANN
Probably a week, or two...we're not sure yet.

BETSY
Wonderful!

Betsy jumps onto the dock, holds the boat back. Ann helps her. The two women embrace, kiss twice.

BETSY
Hello, darling, so great to see you.

ANN
Hi.

Betsy acknowledges the woman who stayed in the boat, she stays sitting.

BETSY
Have you ever met my sister?

ANN
No! Pleased to meet you!

SISTER
Hello! Nice to meet you too!

ANN
Hello, Robert!

ROBERT
(with a friendly nod)
How are you?

ANN
(slightly hesitant)
Fine.

While they exchange their greetings, Paul steps up to the boat (and into frame).

ANN
This is Paul. He’s staying with the Thompsons next door.

BETSY
Hello, Paul!

PAUL
(very good manners)
Hello, pleased to meet you.

He shakes her hand, bows with exalted politeness. Betsy studies his gloves with irony...

BETSY
(dry)
Are you cold?

PAUL
(embarrassed)
No, I have eczema.

He's obviously embarrassed.

BETSY
You should go swimming. The water here works wonders.

PAUL
(friendly)
Thanks for the advice.

He turns, slightly embarrassed, to the other people in the boat.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hello.

They reciprocate in a friendly manner.

BETSY
(to Ann)
How's George?

ANN
Fine, thanks!

BETSY
Where is he?

ANN
(slight pause)
He pulled a muscle putting up the mast. So he's lying down, resting.

BETSY
Sorry to hear that. That's what happens if you try to do everything yourself.

To the man at the wheel.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Robert, on the other hand, would never dream of launching the boat in on his own, right, Robert?

She laughs.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Tell your hubby to get better. We grill almost every night, and we really can't do it without him.

ANN
I'll tell him!

BETSY
I mean it. As soon as he's better, swing by. Robert's son is here with his cute girlfriend. He'll like her for sure.

She laughs "wickedly", embraces Ann as if to make up for it.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Well, darling, take care.

Grinning, referring to the weather.

BETSY (CONT'D)
If the wind stays like this you'd better take the car!

DIALOGUE IN CASE OF NO WIND:

ANN
The forecast said there'd be wind.

BETSY
For tomorrow! I just told Robert that we'd be stuck today...

DIALOGUE IN CASE OF WIND:

ANN
The forecast for tomorrow is the same.

BETSY
Then I guess it'll come down to George's back, so you'll...

PAUL
(interrupting)
Where's your dock?

BETSY
(amused)
Excuse me? Ah. Over there, around the peninsula, but on the other side.

PAUL
The old cottage with the ivy?

BETSY
Right.

PAUL
(admiring)
It’s very beautiful.

BETSY
(”upbeat”)
It is indeed, young man.

She pushes the boat off the dock, jumps in.

BETSY (CONT’D)
See you later! Ciao ciao!

Ann briefly looks at Paul, realizes that she missed the chance to take advantage of the situation. She calls out after the boat.

ANN
Will you be here all week?

BETSY
This week for sure!

ROBERT
Yeah.

ANN
Maybe we’ll come by tonight!

BETSY
Anytime, we always love seeing you!

ANN
Okay, we’ll see how George is doing.

BETSY
We’ll see! Ciao!

ROBERT
Ciao!

She waves, Ann waves. Last shot: the boat, everybody waves and passes out of sight.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - LIVING ROOM - DUSK/NIGHT

George puts his one arm around Ann’s neck and rests the other arm on Georgie. His leg is temporarily supported with a pair of cooking spoons taped around the injured area. The three slowly try to walk into the living room. Ann talks quietly despite her anger, to avoid any unnecessary movements and impacts.

ANN
They’ll be here in less than two hours, and then this adventure will be over.

Peter and Paul walk ahead of them like caring family members, holding the door open to the living room, moving furniture out of the way etc. Peter is still holding the driver in his hand.

PETER
(still shy and friendly)
Sorry, but that’s not exactly true. Didn’t you ask your friends to call back and confirm if they’re coming. Or did I misunderstand something?

ANN
(quite angry))
They’ll come, even if they can’t reach us.

PAUL
(smiling)
Is lying allowed?

Ann throws him an enraged look, then silently turns back to George, who tries not to show the pain he suffers with every move. Paul spots an armchair in the way...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Just a second!

... runs over, moves the chair aside.

PAUL (CONT'D)
There you go. Please.

For Ann, his goodwill is pure mockery. With some difficulty, George manages to sit. He finds a position in which he can breathe freely, he is in pain, uncomfortable.

Paul stands, watches.

PETER
You know, you can be open with us. Then you'll feel better yourself. We're being completely open with you, too. Maybe you should put the pillow under it.

PAUL
You know, if you had let Peter help you, it would hurt less.

PETER
I'm happy to help you, really, I just don't want to impose.

With help from Ann, George tries to move his leg, it's very painful.

PAUL (O.S.)
Careful!.. Good idea, raise the leg. That's got to be more comfortable.

George finally finds a bearable position.

PAUL (O.S.)
So. There we are!

Ann kneels by George, looks at the two guys, pure hatred in her eyes.

ANN
Can you stop this, please?

The two look at each other, then to Ann.

PAUL
(pleased)
You're asking?

ANN
What?

PAUL
You said please. I'm very happy about that.

Again, Ann is so bewildered that she lacks words. She turns away, leaves the room. Georgie wants to follow her. Peter stands in the door frame. He lets Ann pass but stops the boy. He puts his arm around Georgies shoulder in a friendly way and leads him back into the room where George is. Georgie shakes off his arm, and walks back to his father. At the same time, Paul turns to George.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's easier when things are polite. I'd like to apologize for before, but you have to admit, George, that the slap in the face was really not an appropriate reaction.

He walks up to him, offering his hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm Paul.

When George does not shake it, Paul points at Peter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's Peter.

Peter gives him a friendly nod. Paul's slightly raised voice:

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come here, Tom, where are your manners? Shake George's hand.

At this moment, Ann comes back. She offers George a glass of water and a couple of pills, all the while ignoring Peter and Paul.

ANN
Here, take this for the pain.

Paul, in a fury, pushes Ann - who has her back towards them - so that she falls onto George, who cries out in pain.

PAUL
(angry)
What's this now?! What, are we shit to you? Didn't we just agree that politeness...

But his words get lost in the tumult: Ann attacks Paul furiously, battering him in blind anger.

ANN
(barely understandable)
... you you... fucking... I'll kill you... you... I...

George holds his leg, moaning loudly, then tries to help Ann by grabbing Paul's legs, trying to bring him down. Georgie also tries to help his mother striking and kicking blindly at Peter and Paul. Peter pushes the boy away, we can hear again the driver STRIKE George's leg, followed by George's SCREAM. We see Ann's face: she stops, in shock. Lets Paul off for a moment, he punches her in the face. Rendered breathless and bending over in pain, she's pushed back on the sofa.

PAUL
For christ's sake!!!

GEORGE
(to Ann)
Stop it! Please!!

He tries to calm Ann down while trying to climb back up onto the sofa from the floor. She realizes she has no chance against the two guys and starts to cry in frustration. Peter is holding Georgie away with his arm. Georgie kicks and hits, to no avail. Finally, Peter pushes him onto the sofa, the boy wants to jump up again, but Paul steps up to him, shouting:

PAUL
Stop it, now, otherwise your mother will get hurt, understand?

For a moment, Georgie is startled, looks at Paul, who is pointing his finger at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(Loudly)
Understand?..
(More calm)
Keep quiet now.

The boy doesn't dare to speak, insecurely looking at his parents. Peter is out of breath, he seems shocked and exhausted. He sinks down into an armchair, wiping the sweat from his face. Only Paul is standing now. He's also out of breath. A PAUSE -

PAUL
So much stress for politeness' sake.

Shaking his head, he sits down on the sofa next to George, Ann and Georgie.

SILENCE.

Peter breathes heavily. Ann tries to contain her sobbing, with moderate success. After a while, Paul starts again.

PAUL
I was just trying to be friendly, improve relations. I thought we could...

GEORGE
(interrupting)
Why are you doing this?

Paul looks up, surprised, turns towards Peter, looking out for help.

PAUL
Tubby, why are you doing this?

Peter sternly looks at George and his family, then back to Paul, finally shrugging. He's sorry, he doesn't know, or he can't say it. Finally -

PAUL (CONT'D)
Say it!

PETER
I don't know... I...

PAUL
(insistent)
The captain wants to know. "Why?" Well?!

George is sorry to have asked. Peter dithers.

PETER
It's hard to talk about it. I...

PAUL
Don't be shy.

PETER
(upset)
You know exactly how hard it is for me...

PAUL
(impatient)
Jesus, what a drama!
(turns to George)
His father divorced his mom when he was this small
(showing his thumb and forefinger)
for another woman, who...

PETER
(interrupting angrily)
That's not true!
(turns to George)
He's lying. **My mother** got the divorce because...
(he's starting to cry)
... because... I...

PAUL
(unmoved)
Because she wanted her little teddy bear all for herself, and that's why he's gay and a criminal. You got it?

PETER
(crying)
You're an asshole!

PAUL
(like before)
The truth is, he's white trash. Comes from a filthy, deprived family with five siblings, everyone of them on drugs. His father is an alcoholic, and as for his mother, you can imagine. But the truth is...
(pointing to Peter)
... **he** is fucking her. Sad, but true.
(to Peter)
Calm down now!

A PAUSE, Peter is crying.

GEORGE
(to Paul)
You're disgusting. Can't you at least watch your language in front of the child?

PAUL
Oh, I'm so sorry. Of course. What would you like to hear? What would make you happy? Anyway, none of what I said is true, you know that as well as I do. Look at him: do you really think he's white trash? Come on. He's a spoiled little brat, jaded and disgusted by the "Emptiness of existence!" It's hard, really.

Pointing to Peter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Look, now he's smiling again, you see? Okay, happy now? Or another version?

Ann puts her hands on her head, exhausted, crouching. George tries to comfort his leg. After a PAUSE -

PETER
I'm hungry. Let's see what there is.

He stands up, hands the driver to Paul, walks into the kitchen. Paul bends over, talking "confidentially":

PAUL
The truth is, he's a drug addict. That's where he's going now, to...

He demonstrates how Peter is shooting up. Nods, full of sorrow.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And that's why he's so nervous. I'm also a drug addict. We rob rich families in their charming vacation homes, so we can support our habit.
(assuring nod, sternly)
Mhm.

GEORGE
Can't you stop this bullshit? I get it, isn't that enough?

PAUL
Oh, you get it! Great!
(calling into the kitchen)
Hey, Tubby?! He gets it! He's got it all figured out.
(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)
(again to George)
That’s awesome, really!

He leans over, sits down on the edge of the sofa, exited, almost ecstatic.

PAUL (CONT’D)
Listen to me.

He calls into the kitchen:

PAUL (CONT’D)
Peter, come here!

Turning back to the family:

PAUL (CONT’D)
Listen, we’re going to make a bet now. Ok?

Peter enters, carrying a sandwich and an open container with sausages, eating. Paul, aware of his entry, annoyed.

PAUL (CONT’D)
Sit down, come on!

Before he sits down, Peter turns on the lights, the daylight has vanished.

PETER
It’s dark in here.

He sits down and, while eating, follows the proceedings with great interest. Paul turns to George, Ann and Georgie:

PAUL
Don’t fall asleep.
We bet... that you’ll...

He looks around for a clock.

PAUL (CONT’D)
What time is it now?

Peter looks at his watch.

PETER
Eight-forty.

PAUL
... that in...

He closes his eyes to concentrate while counting.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...let's say... in twelve hours... all three of you will be 'kaput'. Ok?

SILENCE. Then, Ann, as if she didn't understand.

ANN
What?

PAUL
(euphoric, friendly)
You bet that you'll be alive tomorrow at nine and we bet that you'll be dead. Ok?

SILENCE. Ann looks back and forth from Paul to George. George turns to her but she looks the other way. Georgie looks at his parents. George is feeling the gaze of his son, turns to him, puts his hand on his leg with a reassuring smile. Georgie doesn't know what to make of it. George again turns to Paul, looks at him.

PETER
(to Paul)
They don't want to bet.

PAUL
Not an option. There has to be a bet.

Paul turns to the camera.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What do you think? Do you think they stand a chance? You're on their side, aren't you? Who are you betting on?

PETER
(to Paul)
What kind of bet is this?! If they're dead, they can't live up to their side, and if they win, they can't live either.

PAUL
(smiling)
They'll lose either way, that's what I'm saying.

GEORGE
Stop this nonsense. Are you trying to scare us? Haven't you done enough already? What do you want? Our money? Take whatever you want and get out... Don't you think that maybe Fred and Eve are going to come over here and see what's going on?

PAUL
And then they'll give us a thorough spanking, right?

George stops talking, angry. PAUSE.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So, the bet is on? As they say on TV, "Let's Make a Deal!"
So, what are we going to do now?

PAUSE. Peter turns to Ann, and with his shy smile:

PETER
Would you be so kind as to go and make us something to eat?

PAUL
I'm worried about you, Tubby. Can't you control yourself? You just stuffed your face with that sausage. It's really disgusting. What will these people think of you?

PETER
I haven't had anything to eat since noon! And stop calling me Tubby.

PAUL
Ok, Tom.

PETER
Ok, Jerry.

PAUL
Ok. Anyway, you should watch your figure. Do you think that's attractive? Look at the captain's wife. You think she thinks you're hot?! With those jelly rolls?!

He jokingly pinching his breast. Peter tries to fend him off.

PETER
Stop it!

Paul turns to Ann.

PAUL
Look at her. She's not that old. Pardon me, ma'am. You'd be completely acceptable to her if it wasn't for that body! You should follow her lead. That is a well-toned body, there isn't an extra calorie on her!

PETER
(half to himself)
I'm not so sure.

PAUL
What?! Did you hear that, ma'am? That is really rude! Are we going to take that?

Ann gets up, wants to leave the room. Georgie, who heard everything, stands up, wants to follow his mother. Peter blocks Georgie's way with the driver he picked up earlier.

Paul turns to the boy.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey, you! Indian!

The boy turns to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What's your name anyway?

GEORGIE
(after pausing, hesitant)
George.

PAUL
George! Just like daddy. How sweet. Come here, Georgie.

Georgie looks back to his mother who has stopped, tense with fear, looks back to Paul, Georgie also turns to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come here.

Paul gets up, walks a couple of steps towards Georgie.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come on. Sit down here with me.
We're going to play a game now.

Georgie wants to run, but Paul grabs him with soft force, he struggles a little. Paul pulls him towards the sofa.

ANN
Leave the boy alone!

PAUL (CONT'D)
I know you don't want to play with me, but you'll see, it'll be fun.

Ann walks towards Paul.

ANN
Leave the boy alone!

Paul stops pulling the kid onto the sofa, but holds him tight.

PAUL
You see how much your mom fights for you? Your dad could learn something from her!

GEORGE
(threatening)
Stop it!

PAUL
That's why we'll let her play too.

Paul turns to Peter, pushes the boy towards him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Take Georgie for a second.

He sits down on the sofa and starts pulling off one of the cushion covers.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We're going to play this awesome game: cat in the bag. You'll see, it's fun. Here we go!

He puts the cushion cover over the head of the boy, pulling him onto the sofa, holds the kicking and screaming boy tight. Ann wants to jump on Paul, but Peter holds her back with the driver.

PAUL
(soothing)
Don’t panic! Nothing’s going to happen. I told you it’s an awesome game, a family game. Daddy can play too, so he doesn’t get bored.

Georgie struggles.

PAUL
So, listen. You have to stay still, otherwise it’s no fun.

He continues, in a panic. Paul slaps his covered face.

PAUL
(shouting)
Hey! Listen to me!

He slaps him a second time, holds him tight with the other hand. The kicking and screaming stops.

PAUL (CONT’D)
That’s better, Georgie. You see we’re a team, aren’t we? Does the cover bother you? Are you getting enough air?

There is no answer, he asks again.

PAUL (CONT’D)
Are you getting enough air? Are you?

GEORGIE
(after a while)
Yes.

PAUL
Awesome. Finally, we can start.
(turning to Ann)
Now, if I remember correctly, Mommy and our little Indian wanted to sneak off.
(to Peter))
Why was that?

PETER
(smiling)
I don’t know.

PAUL
(shaking his head in disappointment)
Is lying allowed, Tubby? What kind of example are you setting? You know exactly why she wanted to leave.

PETER
(resistant)
Because you started to talk about her jelly rolls.

PAUL
What do you mean me? You're the one who doubted her perfection!

Peter shrugs, he's embarrassed.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well. Whatever. Let's forget about it. I can understand why she was embarrassed.

Aiming his head towards Georgie.

PAUL (CONT'D)
In front of the boy here.

Turning back to Ann.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's why we're playing cat in the bag. To preserve moral decency.
The kid's in the bag,
now we'll see
if mommy's titties sag.

Ann tries to attack Paul. Peter holds her back and Paul twists Georgie's finger. The boy starts to scream.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We don't want to hurt the kitty cat, right? Daddy's broken leg is enough.

GEORGE
Leave the child alone!

He tries to get up.

PAUL
Exactly, Daddy wants to play too.

Paul twists Georgie's finger. The boy screams again. George freezes.

Paul turns to Ann again.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well. What are we waiting for?

PAUSE.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Tell your wife not to be so shy. It's silly. Besides, I'm sure she doesn't have jelly rolls.

George looks at Paul, desperate.

GEORGE
Please let the child go, please!

PAUL
You just have to tell her: take your clothes off.

GEORGE
Please!!!

PAUL
(to George)
"Take off your clothes, honey."

PAUSE. Finally, Paul makes Georgie scream out in pain. He looks at George, shakes his head. Another PAUSE.

GEORGE
(breathless)
Take your clothes off.

PAUL
(correcting)
"Take your clothes off, honey."

GEORGE
Take your clothes off, honey.

SILENCE. Heavy BREATHING from the child, recovering from the pain. Finally, Ann starts to undress, first slowly and methodically, like she's waiting to be stopped, but then unemotionally and detached.

We only see CLOSE UPS of the faces:

Ann's, whose action we can only guess from her movements and the clothes she is taking off.

Intercut with the faces of the others. George has lowered his head. Paul and Peter watch. The covered head of the child.

It takes a long time. Finally, Ann has finished, stands there, motionless.

PAUL
Bravo. What did I say: no jelly rolls! And now we can get dressed again.

George's face. Ann's face. She starts to dress again in the same tempo. Suddenly -

PAUL (O.S.)
Gross!! Tubby, take this piglet for a minute. He's not even house broken yet.

Now we see that Georgie has wet his pants.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Go change his diaper.

Paul shoves the kid to Peter who removes the cover from his head and hands the driver to Paul. He pushes Georgie outside. Georgie glimpses at his parents, half embarrassed: Ann is half naked and still dressing.

ANN
Leave him alone!

George tries to get up.

PETER
I'm not doing anything to him.

He pushes the boy further towards the entrance hall. But Ann, half dressed, is already at his neck, attacking him. Georgie escapes his grip and flees the room.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

It’s dark in here, the only light comes from the open living room door.

Georgie runs to the entrance door. Locked. In a panic, the boy thinks about what to do. From the living room we hear the NOISES of the FIGHT between the parents and their torturers, then the STRIKE of the driver and another SCREAM from the father.

Georgie passes by the door, runs up the stairs to his room.

I/E. GEORGIE’S ROOM - NIGHT

Georgie is quietly opening the window, climbing through, trying to find something to hold outside.

EXT. EXTERIOR WALL - CONTINUOUS

Georgie hangs from the window frame. Finally, he manages to drop onto the roof of the porch. From there, he crawls to the edge, looking out to see if there's anybody around. Since nobody is there, he cautiously starts to lower himself down over the edge of the roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Paul lead Ann in. Her hands are taped behind her back. She tries to go to George, who is dazed and moves slowly but is pushed towards the sofa.

PAUL
(inviting gesture)
Please, have a seat.

Ann looks at George. Paul gives her a little push, and she falls on the sofa. Paul is about to kneel down in front of her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I would advise you not to kick.

He takes her legs, wraps the tape around her ankles a couple of times. He stands up, turns to Peter who holds the driver in his hands.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I hope you don't get bored with them.

Paul heads for the door. As he passes George:

PAUL (CONT'D)
If you do, dump a bucket of water over his head.

Paul walks out.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

PAUL (CONT'D)
... but be careful not to ruin the carpet.

Then he runs up the stairs to Georgie's room.

EXT. THE GATE OF THE SCHOBER LAKESIDE PROPERTY - NIGHT

Georgie, in utter panic, tries hectically to climb over the gate. He can’t manage. For a moment he contemplates, then runs towards the parked car, out of frame.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Georgie opens the door, dives into the car straight to the console in the middle, where the remote is usually kept: nothing. Desperately, he searches through the glove compartment: still nothing.

He jumps out of the car, looks at the gate, turns the other way towards the lake. After two steps he falls over the corpse of the dog. He realizes what it is and utters a muffled screem.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter helps George to get up from the floor and into an armchair. George tries not to show his extreme pain. Ann sits on the sofa, her arms and legs taped, watching the action.

PETER
(friendly as always)
... no, it was just a joke. I have to take my SATs again this fall. Then I'll go to college and study business.

A careless movement when trying to sit down makes George utter a muffled scream. Peter looks at him, concerned.

PETER
Does it hurt badly?

George doesn't react, he's concentrating on controlling his pain. Suddenly -

ANN
Why don't you just kill us?

Peter turns to her. He thinks for a moment, then answers with full sincerity -

PETER
You shouldn't forget the importance of entertainment. We'd all lose out on our fun.

EXT. THE NEIGHBOR’S PROPERTY - NIGHT

The fence between the two properties stretches a couple of feet into the lake. Georgie walks around the first pillar - up to his chest in water - finally reaches land again. He looks back to his family’s house: nothing moves. Georgie squeezes himself through the foliage. He sees the dark silhouette of the neighbor’s mansion with it’s expansive surroundings. In the background, the lights of the public lakeside-road and the entrance gate. Neither the mansion nor the property is illuminated. We can only guess what is out there.

Georgie’s breathing is heavy, he’s soaking wet. He turns again to see if somebody followed him, but everything is quiet. He starts running towards the gate. Suddenly, searchlights switch on illuminating the whole area around the house in dazzling light - obviously, Georgie set off the alarm system. He stops in his tracks and there, in front of him, standing next to the gate, he sees: Paul.

For a moment, Georgie just stands, frozen, then runs away in the opposite direction, towards the mansion. He reaches the entrance door, opens it and vanishes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter covers Ann's bare legs with a blanket. He is talking to George, who sits in the armchair in a painfully twisted position.

PETER
... I'm sorry about the leg. But it's really your own fault, if I may say so. Why did you slap Paul?

He has finished covering Ann with the blanket, sits down next to her, keeping a certain distance.

PETER (CONT'D)
The pointless begging for the eggs was pretty uncomfortable for me. Degrading, actually. I don't know if that's clear to you. If you think about it, all of this, just for a carton of eggs.

Suddenly, he remembers -

PETER (CONT'D)
In fact, they must still be there.

He gets up, vanishes in the corridor with the driver, continues talking.

PETER (CONT'D)
Besides, you should have listened to your wife. She practically begged you to just let us leave with the eggs. But then, of course, everybody is always smarter in hindsight... Ah! Here they are!...

As soon as Peter has left the room, George and Ann start to communicate with looks: both of them get up, George struggles. He is hardly able to stand on one leg. They move towards each other with their own pace, depending on their ties and wounds.

PETER (CONT'D)
... one is cracked. Not bad. These egg cartons can really take a lot, considering...

He re-appears in the living room door. Meanwhile, George has tried to untie Ann's hands, but the multilayered tape is too tight. Peter just stands in the door frame.

PETER (CONT'D)
Why are you doing that?

They stop for a second, then continue desperately with what they were doing. Peter walks over to George, gives him a little push, he falls over. He then pushes Ann back onto the sofa. He does it without an ounce of emotion, totally matter-of-fact. She falls over.

PETER (CONT'D)
How stupid do you think I am? I don't understand. What are you thinking?
You're practically forcing me to treat you badly.

Ann, is having problems standing up because of her tied ankles. As Peter pulls her up the half-open egg carton falls to the ground and the eggs break.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Now you've really done it! And Paul specifically told us to be careful with the carpet!

ANN
(begging, "now or never")
Please, let us go! You are still so young! You still have everything ahead of you! Nothing's really happened yet. We'll say George broke his leg on the boat, everyone will believe us and everything...

Peter leaves Ann, she falls again. Using the egg carton, he starts to scrape the broken eggs off the carpet.

PETER
(embarrassed)
Please, don't do this. Why are you degrading yourself? This is as painful for me as it is for you.

INT. A ROOM IN THE NEIGHBOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Georgie is crouching behind a piece of furniture, breathing heavily, watching the door frame and the visible part of the corridor. The room is dimly lit by the outdoor lights. For some time, we hear nothing except Georgie's breathing. Suddenly in the corridor: light. Then, from a distance, the upbeat, playful voice of:

PAUL (O.S.)
Georgieeee, where are you?

Georgie holds his breath. In the light coming from outside he can see his own wet tracks on the floor. He quickly removes his sneakers, socks and jeans. He's looking around for an escape. At the other side of the room, there is a second door.

Georgie listens, wondering if Paul is coming closer. It seems quiet and he crosses the room to the door, opens it.

INT. A SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Georgie sneaks through the room to another door, opens it.

INT. A SALON - CONTINUOUS

The salon is bigger than that of the Farber house, consistent with the dimensions of the big mansion. Georgie stays at the door, listening. He doesn't hear anything and sneaks to the window to look outside. The alarm lights are still on.

Georgie turns back to the room, sneaks back from the window to the door at the opposite side, stops dead in his tracks as the outside light is turned off! Again, Georgie looks through the window, but now everything is dark except the moonlight which accentuates some of the objects in the salon.

Suddenly, a weak electric light shines through the door that Georgie had just come through, as if somebody has turned on the lights in the adjacent room.

Georgie runs to the other door of the salon. He suddenly sees a pair of strangely twisted legs behind a couch. The legs of a girl.

Georgie stares in horror, close by he sees a hunting shotgun on the floor. Georgie hesitates, then grabs it, runs through the door into the adjacent...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

He looks around. The corridor is empty except for two cabinets and hunting trophies which adorn the walls. Georgie starts running down the corridor. At that moment -

PAUL (O.S.)
Georgieeee! I'm comiiiing!

Georgie freezes, looks back to the door where he started, but there's no light. He doesn't know where to turn, he runs to the cabinet and hides, holding the shotgun tightly to his body. Listens, breathing heavily. Nothing.

PAUL (O.S.)
Wait a second. I'll play a little music for us.

Georgie exits the room to the corridor. Suddenly the light is turned on and Paul appears. He is surprised to be standing right before Georgie, then he smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hi Georgie!

The boy doesn't know what to do, raises the shotgun, aiming at Paul.

GEORGIE
Don't come any closer!

Paul smiles.

PAUL
Cock it!

Georgie looks at him, terrified.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You have to cock it!

Georgie gets it, cocks the hammer.

Paul smiles, slowly walking towards Georgie. Georgie stares at him with growing panic. Paul continues walking.

PAUL
You have to pull the trigger.

He continues walking. Georgie pulls the trigger. The gun shuts down with a CLICK.

PAUL
(smiles)
Bang!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits opposite Ann, he has turned on the TV behind her, switches through the diverse weekend programs: shows, entertainment, commercials. He quickly hops from channel to channel.

Suddenly, the NOISE OF THE ENTRANCE DOOR, and

PAUL (O.S.)
It's a wonderful day in the neighborhood, it's a wonderful day for a neighbor.
OR
Hi, honey, I'm home! (In a Spanish accent, like Ricky Ricardo on I LOVE LUCY.

Followed by Georgie flying through the door, running into his mother's arms, crying, with a mixture of relief and despair. Ann cannot embrace him, she lowers her head, while she cries, she also tries to give him reassuring smile.

GEORGIE
Mommy!

ANN
Hi sweetheart. You're ok, aren't you?

Georgie holds her tightly.

GEORGIE
(crying)
They killed Jenny!

Ann looks in horror from Georgie to Paul who enters with the hunting shotgun in hand.

PAUL
Hi, Beavis!

PETER
Hi, Butthead!

PAUL
(smiles)
Everything under control?

PETER
(smiling proudly)
Looks that way.

Paul sits down next to Peter, leans back, the hunting shotgun in his lap.

PETER (CONT'D)
(shy)
May I?

PAUL
Please. Be my guest.

Peter takes the gun, opens the barrel, looks through it. Paul turns to George.

PAUL
I'm sure you're wondering, Captain, where this beautiful hunting rifle came from. Or does it look familiar? Have you ever been hunting with Fred? Can you believe your little darling boy just tried to kill me with this?

He turns to Ann.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I know it's hard to believe, but it's the truth and nothing but the truth. Right, Georgie?

The boy pretends not to hear anything, He hides his head in his mother's lap. Paul turns to Peter:

PAUL (CONT'D)
What do you think about that, Tom?

PETER
That's bad.

PAUL
What time is it?

PETER
After eleven.

PAUL
We should start to think about winning our bet, don't you think.

PETER
(nods)
Mmm.

PAUL
In fact, we should be grateful to Georgie for helping us so much.

Paul holds up two shotgun cartridges, smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
One for Beavis, one for Butthead.

He laughs, that cranky Beavis-and-Butthead-laugh, hands Peter one cartridge, puts the other one in his pocket. Peter loads the gun, the TV is blaring, Paul addresses the family:

PAUL (CONT'D)
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe,
catch a tiger by the toe,
if he hollers let him go,
eeny, meeny, miny, moe.

He is pointing from one to another, stops at Ann.

Pause.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You are looking really blue,
tell me now how old are you?
Well?

Ann doesn't answer, he turns to Peter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
She doesn't want to play. How old do you think she is? 37?

Peter makes a face, he's not sure. Paul continues.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No jelly rolls... let's be generous... lets say... 35. Okay?

To Ann.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You agree?

Ann doesn't react. Paul turns to Peter:

PAUL (CONT'D)
She agrees. Who do you want to start with?

Peter shrugs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
With her?

Peter is still undecided, he looks at the others, then nods ("if you want to, lets start with her"). Paul gets up.

PAUL
Great, now **I'll** go get something to eat.

He leaves, Peter starts to count.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL/KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

From the living room: Peter's COUNTING. Paul exits the room, walks to the kitchen, opens the fridge, shouts:

PAUL
Does anybody want some...

A GUNSHOT. SHOUTING and TUMULT from the living room mixed with the noise of the running tv.

He turns back to the fridge, takes out some groceries and starts to prepare a little snack. In the other room, the ACOUSTIC HORROR continues for an almost unbearably long time.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On TV: a show. The TV and everything around it is soaked in blood.

PAUL (O.S.)
You're an idiot, Tubby. When you're counting, you don't kill the one counted out, you kill the one left over. What's wrong with you?

PETER (O.S.)
He tried to run away!

PAUL (O.S.)
Yeah, so what? That's no reason to get trigger happy. Don't you have any sense of timing? What time is it anyway?

PETER (O.S.)
Almost twelve.

PAUL (O.S.)
Shit. There're spent. Let's get out of here.

PETER (O.S.)
Ok.

PAUL (O.S.)
Thanks for the driver. I'll put it back in the bag, okay?.. Yes?.. Thanks, have a nice evening.

PETER O.S.)
See you!

PAUL (O.S.)
Ciao.

We can hear their STEPS moving away, the OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE FRONT DOOR.

Only now we see the WHOLE ROOM.

The aftermath of the fight. Lamps and furniture are overturned. Close to the TV lies Georgie's body. Around it, there is blood everywhere. Ann and George lie on the floor, beaten. The shotgun lies close to George. Ann, her front covered in blood, listens to the noises of the two leaving. She is conscious but in deep shock.

Despite her ties and injury's she lifts herself up, hops over to the TV and turns it off.

During the following SILENCE we hear the SUV STARTING OUTSIDE. The headlight's reflection moves briefly through the room, then VANISHES, the sound of the car fades into the night.

Ann remains immobile, listens tensely. TOTAL SILENCE.

ANN
(dull)
They're gone...?!

Again, SILENCE.

ANN (CONT'D)
Listen... they're gone.

She tries to undo the tape by rubbing it against the edge of some furniture. She doesn't succeed, turns to George...

ANN (CONT'D)
I'll get a knife.

... then hops into the kitchen.

Slowly, George starts to move. His broken leg is bloody, and he can't move one of his arms. He manages to sit upright. Exhausted, he pauses, stares ahead.

Suddenly, his body is shaken by a silent sob, as if he can't breathe. He grabs hold of the couch, tries to control his body, but the sobbing changes into a desperate, animalistic, uncontrollable moaning and crying.

Ann comes in, with the knife that she used to cut off her ties. She kneels down next to George, hugs him, trying not to hurt him. She holds his head, caresses him, again and again, as if she is trying to stroke away his pain.

ANN
Come on... be quiet... breathe deeply... come on... honey, come on, calm down... calm... yes... breathe... come on... calm down George, calm down...

George's crying softens, he slowly gets a grip on himself. Finally, they both sit on the floor, right next to each other, exhausted and mute. LONG SILENCE. Suddenly, a NOISE from outside, low and not to distinct. It could be anything, but it's enough for Ann to snap out of her frozen state.

ANN
We have to get out of here. What if they come back? Can you manage to walk if I help you?

George looks up. He didn't even hear the noise.

GEORGE
I'll try.

With her help, he tries to get up. Trying hard not to show his pain. She knows, from caressing him, that his arm is also badly hurt. It's the arm opposite the broken leg, making it very hard for him to hold himself upright, let alone walk.

ANN
How's your arm?

He shakes his head, then cries out in pain.

ANN
Should I try to put a splint on it? Then I can support you better.

GEORGE
No, no, it's ok.

He tries again, gets up this time. Still in great pain. Starts to walk slowly, very slowly. Stops, breaths deeply, then:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Go!

They slowly move towards the entrance. On their way...

ANN
You ok?

He nods determined. It's going very slowly. George has to stop from time to time and breathe deeply. During one of these pauses, Ann turns her head towards the body of her child. Her breathing stops, George turns her head to his chest, away from the aftermath. A silent fight begins between them.

GEORGE
No! Ann! No!!

Finally, Ann gives in, turns her head away and they both stumble towards the entrance.

EXT. THE GROUNDS OF THE SCHOBER PROPERTY - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: We can see part of the house. The light in the windows of the living room. In the background the gleaming surface of the lake. At the dock, the boat moves slowly in the water. It is QUIET. Far away, LIGHT REFLECTS OFF THE WATER. Very far away, at the other side of the lake, a couple of lights.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ENTRANCE HALL:

CLOSE UP: Ann’s hand tries the door handle.

ANN (O.S.)
They locked it.

George’s face.

ANN (O.S.)
We have to go through the window.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE
I can’t.

Ann comes into frame.

ANN
George! Please!!

Again, George shakes his head.

GEORGE
I can’t. I can’t do it.

Ann wants to interrupt, but he continues...

GEORGE (CONT’D)
You go. We’re losing time. Go now.

Again, Ann wants to interrupt him, but he’s not allowing it, talking urgently.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Please!! Climb out the kitchen window. Try to find someone. Use the intercoms, someone might be home...

ANN
(interrupting)
If they locked the door, they probably locked the gate too.

GEORGE
(pondering)
You’re right.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
Take the pliers, cut through the fence somewhere, but be careful when you get to the street, they might be waiting.

ANN
Where are the pliers?

GEORGE
I don’t know. In the kitchen... no, outside, with the boating gear, in the shed.

They look at each other for a moment.

ANN
But I can’t leave you alone here.

GEORGE
Please, just go!...

She still hesitates. He points to her legs - Ann only wears her sweater and her underpants.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Get dressed.

She looks down at herself, surprised. She didn’t realize.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Shoes too, so you can run.

She looks at him, confused, turns around and sees their luggage in the same place George put it when they arrived. She walks over, rummages through a bag, picks out a pair of jeans and tennis sneakers, puts them on. Meanwhile...

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Wait, your bag is still here. Down there. I’ll hide in the wine cellar, I think the key is there. I’ll lock myself in and wait for you.

ANN
How will you get down there?

GEORGE
I’ll manage. Just go! Please!!

For a long moment, Ann looks at George, then she turns away walks into the kitchen, where we hear her OPEN THE WINDOW. George is holding himself up with his good arm. He starts hopping towards the other end of the corridor.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann is pushing open the window when she sees her handbag. She stops, walks over to it, takes out her cell phone, pushes the button. It has a SIGNAL. Ann can hardly believe it.

ANN
George! It's working again!

GEORGE (O.S.)
What?!

Ann walks through the door into the entrance hall, George has only moved a couple of yards. She holds the cell towards George, like a piece of evidence.

ANN
It's working! It must have dried.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Call!

ANN'S VOICE
(confused)
Who?

GEORGE (O.S.)
The police!

ANN
911?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Yeah.

Ann dials, again we hear the SIGNAL, She holds the phone to her ear. Meanwhile, George arrives at the door. She listens.

ANN
It isn't ringing.

GEORGE
Let me listen.

Ann wants to hand him the phone, but he needs his good arm to keep himself stable. She holds the phone to his ear. He listens, shakes his head.

ANN'S VOICE
But there's a signal!!

GEORGE
It’s probably a couple of damp contacts.

Ann, desperately takes out the battery pack, grabs a towel from the kitchen, dries both the battery and the phone. She suddenly stops and looks at him.

ANN
Where’s is your cell?

GEORGE
In the car!

Anna puts the phone back together, tries it. Again, there seems to be a SIGNAL. She listens, shakes her head.

ANN
Nothing.

GEORGE
Get the hair dryer. Maybe that’ll help.

Ann looks at him, goes back to George, hands him the phone She wants to go find the hair dryer but George can barely stand.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
I need a chair.

In a hurry, Ann gets him a chair from out of frame (it’s the same chair that Georgie got hom earlier), helps him to sit down. She leaves towards the bathroom. George dials with his good hand. Again, a SIGNAL. He listens.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

George sits and listens, waiting for a ring tone. In the background, Ann leaves the bathroom with a hair dryer. George takes the phone from his ear.

GEORGE
It’s not working.

When Ann passes by the open living room door, she stops for a moment, closes the door without a look inside, moves on. After two steps she stops: her body cramps, she throws up. George is forced to watch it from his chair.

GEORGE
Ann...!

Ann stands there for a moment, turned away, frozen, then continues on, shaking her head while passing by into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

With a forced smile ("it's ok, don't worry"), she walks to the sink, cleans her mouth, connects the hair dryer, turns it on. Only now she realizes that George has the phone, she walks towards him, opening her hand.

ANN
Can I...

He hands it over, she walks back to the hair dryer. Switches it on and starts to dry the phone, avoiding George's look, determined not to lose control. George, who's watching her, knows this, he lowers his gaze. The NOISE OF THE HAIR DRIER. Ann finishes, turns it off. Tries the phone. Again, there's a SIGNAL, but no connection. Ann looks at George in despair and anger, finally she gives up and takes the phone from her ear.

GEORGE
Forget it, come on... maybe it just won't work. Go! We're losing too much time. Go, now!

Ann looks at George ambiguously - she still isn't quite sure if she can leave him alone. George points with his head towards the blow drier.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Pull me over there with the chair. It'll be easier than walking.

Ann hesitates for a moment, then pulls George on the chair into the kitchen, right next to the socket. Again, George has to hold his breath in order not to moan out loud.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thanks! Now go!

She gazes at him for a moment, nods.

ANN
Ok.

She walks to the window, starts to climb out...

GEORGE
Ann!

She stops, turns, looks at him. A small PAUSE, before George talks, choking.

GEORGE
Please forgive me!

Ann's eyes well up. She tries to control herself, a smile, she shakes her head ("please, don't do this!"). Anna breathes hard in order to hold in the tears.

ANN
I...

But she can't control herself, and with a few steps she's in his arms, desperate, pressing her mouth against his in despair. It looks as if she is biting him. She pulls away, holds his head with her hands, looks into his eyes, crying.

ANN (CONT'D)
I love you!

George caresses her face, and with a forced smile:

GEORGE
Run, please!

EXT. THE GROUNDS OF THE FARBER PROPERTY - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT. Again, the house frames one side, on the other side the silhouette of the boathouse, in the middle the lake, glistening in the night.

We see Ann’s shape running from the house.

MEDIUM SHOT. The chain fence. Thick foliage in front. Ann enters the frame. With a pair of pliers she cuts a hole in the fence, crawls through it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

George is blow-drying the phone. Since Ann's handbag is right next to him, he puts down the dryer, takes it, looks inside, finds the cigarettes, lights one - all with one hand. Deep inhale. Takes the blow drier, continues.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Ann runs alone in the darkness. On one side, hedges and fences, on the other, forest or fields. From time to time a light pole. Ann is out of breath, but runs as fast as she can. Finally she arrives at a gate - we haven't seen it before, it's different from Fred's mansion. Ann rings the intercom.

ANN
Hello!....Hello!

She waits. Rings again a couple of times. Finally, she shouts out:

ANN
Hello!.... Help!!...
Hello!!...Hello!!

Nothing. Ann steps back from the gate, looks back at the road she came from, then the road ahead. Finally, she continues running.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

George shuts off the hair dryer, puts the battery back in, then dials. Yet again we hear the SIGNAL. This time it RINGS. George can barely breathe from excitement. It takes a while. Suddenly -

OPERATOR
(almost inaudible)
911. What is your emergency.

GEORGE
(shouting into the phone)
Hello? Can you hear me?... yes, this is George Farber... they killed my son...we are at 33 Neck Lane in Southhampton...hello?!...
(to himself)
Shit!!!

He takes the phone from his ear, the display shows: LOW BATTERY. Desperately, George dials again. Again the SIGNAL. He listens. It rings. Again, somebody picks up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hello!!...I just called...we...

George continues to hold the phone to his ear. He finally gives up. His hand is shaking. He holds on to the counter, steadying himself, until the trembling subsides. He then tries to leave the kitchen. The pain is unbearable. After a couple of hops he stops, exhausted, breathing hard. Looks around for help, has an idea. The STORAGE ROOM, George hops towards it, just making it, opens the door, takes out a broom. He put the head of the broom under his arm and uses it as a crutch. George walks slowly out of the kitchen.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - (DIFFERENT PART) - NIGHT

Ann walks fast, she's too exhausted to run. From time to time she trots, which doesn't last long.

Suddenly, in the distance, she sees the two headlights of an approaching car. Unsure what to do she looks around for a hiding place, hides behind a bush. The car comes closer, finally passes - it's a small RV.

Ann jumps out of the bushes onto the street, waves desperately at the car, the driver doesn't stop. Ann gives up, continues walking. Not much time passes when, again, she sees two headlights approaching from the same direction. This time Ann stays right in the middle of the road. The lights come closer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: a blanket is being put over the child's body.

WIDE SHOT: George is trying to cover the body. It's hard. He stops for a moment, exhausted. Then, with great effort, he turns around and moves slowly towards the door.

He has almost made it when he hears THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.

GEORGE
(involuntarily)
Ann?

THE DOOR CLOSES. SILENCE. George looks out the window - he didn't hear anything outside. He turns again towards the entrance. Nothing.

Suddenly, a golf ball comes rolling through the doorway, it stops.

George's face.

The door with the ball.

PAUL (O.S.)
It's playtime again.

Paul walks in, carrying the driver. He picks up the ball, throws it at George.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(dry)
Damn (Bingo).

He enters the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Good morning, Captain.

Behind him, Peter enters with Ann in tow.

PETER
(friendly as always)
Good morning!

Ann is tied up grotesquely: her hands are bound, a rope is pulled between her legs and up her back. Another tie is around her neck, she can barely move. Her mouth is gagged with a tightly wrapped scarf, leaving only the upper half of the face visible. She stares at George with wide eyes, in total shock.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/DAY

(AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SCENE IT'S STILL NIGHT, AT THE END IT WILL BE DAY.)

CLOSE UP: the cell phone in Paul's hands. He dials, the device is giving a SIGNAL, but then again it displays LOW BATTERY. Meanwhile we hear:

PETER (O.S.)
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe,
catch a tiger by the toe,

GEORGE (O.S.)
They'll be here any minute.

PETER (O.S.)
if he hollers let him go,
eeny, meeny, miny, moe.

PAUL (O.S.)
Then we'd better hurry up.
Right, Beavis?

PETER (O.S.)
How old did we say? 37?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Why don't you believe me?

PAUL (O.S.)
35.

PETER (O.S.)
Ok. 35.

Ann and George are next to each other, half sitting, half lying on the sofa. Ann is STILL tied and gagged, the neck tie is almost suffocating her. George's face is pained, covered in sweat, he lies in an awkward, contorted position. We stay on them.

PETER (O.S.)
One, two, three...

PAUL (O.S.)
It’s a good thing the charger’s in the car.

PAUL (O.S.)
If it’s her age, you have to start counting with her.

PETER (O.S.)
Why?

PAUL (O.S.)
Because those are the rules, blockhead!

GEORGE
The battery wasn’t dead yet.

PETER (O.S.)
Well, ok, I’ll start with her. One, two, three...

PAUL (O.S.)
Excuse me? Oh yeah, I know. It’s time to think of something new. The lady already tried that trick this afternoon. Count faster, Beavis.

Peter continues to count, Paul continues with George

PAUL
How primitive do you think we are? It’s not a bet if there’s nothing at stake, right, Captain? Even **you** need a chance. “The wind blows where it wants to”, that’s why sailing’s fun, isn’t it?! Well!

PETER (O.S.)
... thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five!

PAUL (O.S.)
Now don’t make the same mistake twice: it’s not the one counted out, it’s the one left over.

CLOSE UP: Peter’s hands opening the shotgun. Paul’s hand enters the frame with a cartridge.

PAUL (O.S.)
Voila, Monsieur.

PETER (O.S.)
Merci, Monsieur.

Peter’s hand puts the cartridge into the barrel, closes the shotgun. Cocks the hammer.

SILENCE. Ann's GASPING under the gag.

PAUL (O.S.)
Wait a minute. I see a new toy.

CLOSE UP: the knife that Ann carried in from the kitchen. Paul's hand takes it out of the frame.

PAUL (O.S.)
I think we have the lady to thank for this.

CLOSE UP: Ann.

PAUL
Merci, Madame. This will make things a little more amusing.

Paul's hand, with the knife, comes into frame. He cuts the rope. Ann immediately raises her tired arms (which are still tied) and awkwardly unties the gag. Paul continues talking:

PAUL (O.S.)
It's boring when mutes suffer. We want to entertain our audience and show them what we can do, don't we?

Ann rips off the gag, she's gasping for air. She turns to George. Paul's hand enters the frame, pulls the rope that ties Ann's hands.

PAUL (O.S.)
Now you're allowed to play another game. Name of the game: "The Loving Wife", otherwise known as "Whether by knife or whether by gun, losing your life can sometimes be fun!"

Ann closes her eyes.

PAUL (O.S.)
Hello! Don't fall asleep.

She looks at him, full of hate.

PAUL (O.S.)
You have to play the game, otherwise I'll have to gag you again, and you don't like that, do you?

(MORE)

PAUL (O.S.) (cont'd)
So, here are the rules of the game: Georgie senior has been counted out, so he’s up next. Nothing to be done about it.
Unless you want to jump in for him... Do you?

PAUSE. Ann looks at him, dumbfounded. After a while he repeats in the same friendly tone:

PAUL
Do you? Beavis won’t mind, right, Tubby?

PETER (O.S.)
Don’t call me Tubby again.

PAUL
See, he doesn’t mind.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Just end it, it’s enough.

CLOSE UP: Paul. George’s words encourage him.

PAUL
Enough?! You really think it’s enough?! What do you think, Ann? Have you had enough? Or do you want to keep playing?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Don’t answer. Let them do whatever they want, please! It’ll be over faster.

Paul looks back from him to her.

PAUL
Aww, come on! Don’t be a coward! We’re still under feature length.

He looks into the camera:

PAUL
Is it enough? But you want a real ending, with plausible plot development, don’t you?

He looks back to George, shakes his head in surprise:

PAUL (CONT’D)
The bet is still on. You can’t cancel it by yourself.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
So, the game is called: "The Loving Wife"! Now, although Beavis has already finished counting, Ann can decide who will be next. And... with what device!

Exited about his own idea he lifts his index finger ("listen"):

PAUL (CONT'D)
Which do you prefer? The little knife? Or the big gun?

He looks at both in triumph, asks Ann:

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well, what's the housewife's choice?

CLOSE UP: Ann.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You have to admit, Ann, I'm being generous. You can prove to your pussy here how much you love him! And, between friends, it barely costs you anything. It really doesn't matter whether you crap out now or later. Right?

Since Ann doesn't look at him, he pulls on the rope.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hello, wake up!

Ann stares.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well? You're not interested? You don't want to play anymore? Beavis, show her how the game is played. Wait a minute... here.

Paul throws him the knife.

PETER (O.S.)
Watch out! I almost cut myself!

PAUL
(giggling)
Really?

We hear Peter GET UP out of frame, he walks around the table, PULLS George up from the sofa. Followed by George's SCREAM.

Ann jumps up, but gets pulled back onto the sofa with the rope.

PAUL (O.S.)
You see? That's the little knife. You can spare him the pain! You just have to play with us.

Ann whimpers with pain and helpless anger. Off screen we can hear George's muted WHIMPERING.

Still on Ann.

PAUL (O.S.)
I understand, Ann, I really understand. It doesn't feel good to hurt the one you love the most. Especially when it's so easy to avoid it. You just have to follow the rules, and everything will be fine.

After a pause, Ann looks up to Peter.

CLOSE UP: Peter's standing straight, away from the sitting area - underneath him George lying on the floor - he looks at Ann. He nods with his friendly smile.

CLOSE UP: Paul. He watches Ann cautiously.

CLOSE UP: Ann. Lowering her gaze. PAUSE. Then:

ANN
What do I have to do?

CLOSE UP: Paul. Smiling, gazing from Ann to Peter, with an enthusiastic nod ("It wasn't in vain"), turning back to her:

PAUL
You see, that wasn't so hard.

CLOSE UP: Ann.

PAUL (O.S.)
We'll make it very easy for you. Say a prayer, anyone you want. If you say it without any mistakes, god's on your side and you can pick what happens next. Okay?

Ann doesn't respond.

PAUL
Okay?! Or should we continue with Georgie senior?

ANN (O.S.)
(dull)
I don't know any prayers.

PAUL
(surprised)
You don't know any prayers?! Not even one prayer?!

He turns to Peter:

PAUL (CONT'D)
Is that possible? Where the hell are we? Tell her one, Tubby.

PETER
Stop calling me Tubby all the time.

PAUL
Ok. I 'll stop.
Well?

PAUSE.

PETER
"I love you God with all my might, keep me safe all through the night"

PAUL
That's too easy.

PETER
I don't know any others.

PAUL
Ok!

He turns to Ann.

PAUL (CONT'D)
"I love you God with all my might, keep me safe all through the night"

ANN
(no emotion)
"I love you God with all my might, keep me safe all through the night"

PAUL
(disappointed)
No! Not like that. It's a prayer; you can't just drone on like that. You're asking the Lord for something. So pray properly!

Ann looks at him, a truly hateful look. Paul jerks her rope.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come on. Kneel down properly. Come on, let's go.

Again, he pulls at the rope. Ann follows, she's full of contempt for this evil man.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's good. Kneel properly. Yeah. And put your hands together. No, not on your stomach. Where is the person you're praying to? Up there, right? Pray up there! Yes! And now, from the bottom of your heart!

PAUSE. Ann doesn't manage to follow his instruction.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Beavis, can you help me out a little here?

Ann sees that Peter turns to George.

ANN
(calling out)
No!

She does what was requested, prays emphatically.

ANN
"I love you God with all my might, keep me safe all through the night"

PAUL
(enthusiastically)
Bravo!! That was great.

CLOSE UP: Paul. He continues.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That was the test run, and now we're going for Olympic Gold: if you can say this little, unfortunately much too short prayer backwards, with no mistakes, not only do you get to decide which one of you bites it first,

CLOSE UP: Ann. Paul continues.

PAUL (O.S.)
... but also - and I guess this will interest you even more - with which device: either it's the fast and almost painless big gun or the slow...

With a quick move Ann jerks the rope from Paul's hands, and with both hands grabs the shotgun, which Peter left on the table.

PAUL
(shouting)
Look out!!

But before Peter is able to dive for cover, the DEAFENING BLAST of the shotgun throws him a couple of feet across the room. Plenty of blood and pieces of flesh fly around, like in a good action scene. A second later, Paul steps up to Ann and kicks her sending her crashing against the couch. She's almost knocked unconscious.

Paul starts searching the room frantically.

PAUL
Where's the remote control!! Shit, where's the fucking remote control??!!

He finds it. Turns it towards Peter, **pushes the rewind-button and the whole movie we've been watching rewinds until the exact moment before Ann grabbed the shotgun.**

This time, **now again in normal speed,** when her hands grab the gun, Paul is too fast. He grabs the gun from her, before she can shoot Peter and calmly puts the remote control in his pocket and continues talking as if nothing happened.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have done that, Ann. You can't break the rules, I'm sorry. You failed. Say good-bye to Georgie.

CLOSE UP: Paul's face. He's waiting. After there's no reaction from Ann, he steps over to where George is lying - we can only see his face. He pulls the trigger. Again, a DEAFENING SHOT.

EXT. LANDING PIER - DAY

WIDE SHOT seen from the house.

It's early morning. With a little BREEZE. The boat at the dock is slowly moving inthe water. In the background, the waters are slightly stirred up.

After a few moments, Paul, followed by Peter and Ann, step onto the dock. All three wear yellow sailing jackets. Ann is gagged the same way she was when she returned to the house. They walk towards the boat, climb aboard.

MEDIUM WIDE:

Since the boat is moving, Peter undoes Ann's tie from around her neck:

PETER
Would you please take your seat?

He lets her sit down, ties her ankles. The tape of the gag only spares Ann's eyes, red from the many ruptured veins and swollen. Peter puts on his bloodstained gloves, leaning over the edge of the boat, washing them in the water.

CLOSE UP: Paul's hands, also in bloodstained gloves, pull up the main sail.

PETER (O.S.)
Give me your gloves.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

WIDE SHOT: The boat tacks against the wind.

Paul is at the tiller, Peter right next to him, holding the fore-sheet. Both their gloves look clean. Ann sits next to the center board. With every tack the guys change sides in order to balance the boat against the wind. Throughout Peter is chatting enthusiastically with Paul.

PETER
...and so, everything is it's mirror image. But, of course, all these predictions are lies to avoid panic. But now Kelvin knows what's really going on... and wants to warn his wife and daughter in time. But the problem isn't only how to escape the anti-material world to go back to the real one, but also how to communicate between...

Ann suddenly spies the knife between the floor planks and the boat's frame. She starts to slowly move closer.

PETER (CONT'D)
... the two worlds. Because finally...

PAUL
Look!

He points to Ann and the knife. Grins.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Now that's what I call Olympic spirit.

Peter bends over, tries to pick up the knife. The boat turns to one side, Paul steadies the boat. He laughs, exhilarated by the adventure.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Be careful, fat ass. Didn't you say you can't swim?

Peter throws the knife in the water.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Bring the widow here. Otherwise she'll feel lonely.

Peter tries to pull Ann, it’s hard in the small boat.

PETER
You have to help me. Please. It’s difficult. You might get hurt.

Paul navigates the boat against the wind, levels it and enables Peter to place Ann between the two of them. The sails FLAP in the wind. When everybody is sitting, he turns the boat back into the wind and the trip continues with less heel. The two continue the conversation over Ann’s head, who is placed between them, still covered with tape and gagged right up to her nose.

PETER
So, where was I?

PAUL
(grinning)
You were talking about the difficulty communicating between the material universe and the anti-material universe.

PETER
Exactly. It’s like you’re inside a black hole! The gravitational force is so great that nothing, absolutely nothing can escape. Which means: absolutely no communication. But Kelvin...

PAUL
(interrupting)
What time is it?

PETER
What?

PAUL
What time is it?

Peter looks at his watch.

PETER
After eight.

PAUL
Already?

Peter nods. Paul turns to Ann, looks at her, bows, kisses her on the cheek above the tape, a nice good-bye-kiss...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Ciao Bella.

... and simply pushes her out of the boat. We can hear her PLUNGE into the water. Peter looks at Paul, puzzled:

PETER
Why? The deadline was nine. She had almost another hour!

PAUL
First of all, it's too hard to sail like that and second of all, I'm getting hungry.

PETER
That's true.

They look at each other, laughing their Beavis-and-Butthead-laugh.

WIDE SHOT:

The boat is sailing upwind. No sign of Ann anymore. When the boat turns, the sailors change sides.

Inside the boat.

PETER
...and when he overcomes the gravitational forces, it turns out, that one universe is real and the other one is fiction.

PAUL
How?

PETER
How do I know? It was some kind of model projection in cyberspace.

PAUL
Ok, but where is your hero now? In reality or in fiction?

PETER
His family is in reality, and he is in fiction.

PAUL
But isn't fiction real?!

PETER
Why?

PAUL
Well, you can see it in the movie, right?

PETER
Of course.

PAUL
Well, then it’s just as real as reality, because you can see it too, right?!

PETER
Bullshit.

PAUL
Why?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE PROPERTY OF BETSY AND ROBERT - DAY

The boats approaches the bank. Peter comes into frame, he’s holding on to the shroud. He then jumps onto the dock, stoping and securing the boat.

The entrance door of the house. Paul enters the frame, opens the screen-door and looks inside.

PAUL
Hello?! Is anybody home?...
Hello??!

Indeed, we hear someone approaching...

BETSY (O.S.)
Yes, hello? Who’s there?

...and recognize her outline as she approaches the screen-door.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL BETSY AND ROBERT - CONTINUOUS

Through the screen-door we see Paul’s silhouette. Betsy enters the frame. She’s wearing a terry bathrobe.

PAUL
(very charming and polite)
Good morning, ma'am. Sorry to bother you so early, but Ann sent me.

Betsy stops, does not open the door, she obviously can't make sense of the early guest.

BETSY
Yes?

PAUL
(smiling charmingly)
You don't remember me? Yesterday afternoon, at the dock. I'm Paul.

Now Betsy remembers.

BETSY
Uh huh.

She half opens the screen door. She's not unfriendly, but hardly overwhelmed by joy either.

PAUL
(beaming)
Good morning.

BETSY
Morning.

PAUL
Ann sent me. Some guests dropped by this morning by surprise and Ann wondered if you could help her out with some eggs?

BETSY
I guess so. Come on in. Wait a second.

She leaves the frame. Paul enters through the door, walking towards us. When he is CLOSE to the camera, he **looks at us with a slight smirk.**

The movie ends with Paul's look into the camera, over FREEZE FRAME we see END TITLES.

END